The other morning, when I went down to my breakfast. I found with my mail beside the little pot of steaming coffee just brough in, a large package, which I opened with interest before my letters. The wrapper removed, a black back was revealed, across its face, in silvertype, the words that fore the title, "Girls Who Answer Personals."

Never having answered a personal, I could not understand why I was favored with such a present, but opening the first leaf I saw that it was sent with the compluments of the author. The author is on own cricinologist, Dr. Arthur Machemald. Why he was after us women for again, I was carried to know. But this book I saw quickly was but a second edition of a predone book, which he called, "Abnormal me" but which I had not had the pleasure of seeing.

in being studied in a scientific manner. in being studied in a scientific manner, and I timik I know why it is so midden ing. Is this not the reason? I appeal to woman father than man, for this is a woman's reason. The methods of science are to gather up data, so called facts, tabulate them and make evidence out of cold included. A woman says, "I hate you." The sciential says. "She hates you." As every woman knows, it is a thousand times more likely that she loves. And there you are. weman knows, it is a thousand times more likely that she loves. And there you are That is why science irritates us. Woman fever looks at an act as proof of anything. Sie has an infaminat of the feeling back of the net, and she is amazed at the conclu-sions of men which are based on the cold net when a think you would have known what I meent," she frequently says when she is misunderstood. A man will often reason with his wife by saving. "What are your offended at: our neighbor has done nothing out of the way." But the women know how the ordinary things have been done.

done, and the response hart is just as griev-cos between them—the man's argument to the contrary notwithstanding.

Recoulty there have been cases in court involving family troubles. The newspapers published the evidence and the affoldavits.

A record case in particular course in A recent case, in particular, comes up. Have you women not read the testimony with an entirely different conclusion from from your husbands, and thought "what

from your bushands, and thought "what fore these linwers are." Do affidivity to the first water water? Werer. They know the dissipation to the charge of perjury.

Well, this is all to the point of showing why woman bates the scientific method. We man in psychic; man is material. We man in her basest form is psychicishe cannot full so low that she loses this quality; while man never seems to become so rarific that he can lose inservelepe of matter, and its rathorizations always to come to as with fleshy readity. "Can't you, can't as with fleshy readity." as with fleshy reality. "Can't you, can't you understand?" the woman is forever you understand? The woman is forever berating, and the ban always laughs a satisfied laugh, and assures her that he can; that she desen't know herself, and that is all the trouble. Dr. ManDanaid has presented the world

Dr. Manhonald has presented the world in this has beed with a set of documents to show forth woman. In booking over the book I saw one strain ranning through all these documents—these letters. It is the psychoc impulse of woman's nature. And reading along, I also saw how every woman seemed to expect the man to be upon the same plane, and to appeal to him, confident that he would indestand her. To show woman that man is not become. Thought that he would understand her. To show we man that man is not perceic, I thought of a scheme on the same line. Why not use the Same method against man? Or. MacDonnid says that a socialogued river is represented by the personal column into which he cast nots to fish for specimens. Let woman cast nots for man, then, and get specimens from the same river. Le
us have then side by side, and show up the

nor in the quality.
Corplex criticism against woman is
ing. She is not man certainly. But by the same argument man is But woman, and we can't wen him to be. But woman, and we can't wen him to be. But why is woman supposed to bow so hundly before the superior massuline sense and acumen, particularly in its scent of the feminine, as one of the doctor's specimens expresses it. We are not obliged to: we may be amused. But there is some thing we might well cultivate with good peculia for ourselves. That is the poke face. Men play life like a game of poker to the control of th their hand, when the Jack lot is opened.
'Effe sin't in bedding a good hund, but in
playing a poor hand well," is their creed.
We have dropped the veils of our oriental
grandmothers, let us veil our eyes with
modesty and our hearts with a smile.
Now, then, look at some of these letters
with me, and smile at man while he grins
over woman's foildes.

Dr MacDonald cust his net thus:

consening of our social and university situation desires correspondence (acquiming the first processary) with volum educated forum of high secret and functional position. No agents, in triflers, must give deflect account of life, references required delress Lock Ebx.—
The first Lock Ebx.—
The first Lock Ebx —

Ows.

A woman of refinement and education desires correspondence with a gentleman of similar acquirements. Object diversion and mutani improvement.

Dr. MacDonald observes that considering the use to which the personal column is generally put be does not think it wrong to make it serve as the means of social legicality-stigations. And he adds that a cannot expect her correspondence with a botal stranger to be of a very confidentia persons and places. The writer will course follow him in this wise discre-

The smeatist has exhibited some fifty tpecinets of answers to this first per-conal. The writer could exhibit nearly as many, but it would be wearisome to do to in the first place they are not all interesting. Many of them are as color-less as they are vulgar, and, therefore, not weeth the trouble of reproduction. But I shall select from the doctor's letters and select from my own, and the reader shall sinke the dendig parallel for him-self.

or MacDonald will may this is not fair He will say I have selected the best of his and the worst of mine. I mean to select the best of both, however. Here is abother objection which the scientist raised in person to me. He said that when a woman answerous services. maswereds personal she was warely toying with the subject, but when she inserted a personal she boddy seized hold of the subject, and so the relations of the correspondents were different. Admitted, and the result cannot be quite so perfect. The education of nantesches that the male is the rover, the aggressor; that he is free to wing his way from flower to flower white woman units stay smiling on her stalk until he comes to her. But woman may send forth her perfumes like the flower, and she guy use her legitimate powers to attract.

My personal attracted at once. Modes ary personal attracted at once. Modest as I made it, it seemed to have the aliur-ling quality of concentrated perfume, such as the vulgar byacinth or musk. I called at the newspaper office for replies on Monday. The personal was published Sonday, but in that short time I had had as tention. For men in the loneliness of their rooms on Sunday morning had decided that here was an opportunity, a chance make a woman's acquaintance that we dissipate boredom. Not one of these, how-dissipate boredom. Not one of these, how-ever, look the personal at its word, that a correspondent was desired, but every one at an early meeting, and some waxed sentimental-or threatened to do

Dr. MacDonald wrote two or three times to his correspondents. I am content with my first letters. The scientist went to call on these who allowed the privilence,

and he also made psycho-neural and an-

thropological measurements of his speci-mens. I could not bring a score of unknown men to my house, nor very well go to their residences, and as the doctor does not explain the meaning of his "least sensibility to heat, least sensibility to locality least sensibility to pain, height, weight coloring," and so on, we may do very well without such data. Let the thoughts of our specimens speak. Case 5 taken from the book is a Miss F.,

who writes thus:

Case 5 taken from the book is a Miss F., who writes thus:

In My Den-By Myself.

I saw your personn a week ago today, and had a mind to answer it there, but I to ald not get the courage. I have thought to at several times since, and now weary, I see it again, which makes me think you cannot have received the answer you expected. I wonder what kind of letters you really received. It seems impossible that anyone with 'matrimonal intentions' stoud advertise in a paper and expect to be smited. Ferhaps your motive is curred that anyone with 'matrimonal intentions myself. On the contrary, I prefer therry and happiness. I think loneliness, however, is terrible, and I like to tilk to and with a refined man, that an sure I am happier row then I would be married to anyone. I have been educated party in Emoge, and am proud to say that no men is the world can compare with Americans. I have not English, French, German, Italian and Eusslans, and tore, not even the notifiers, bave the charm that a merican men have of truth, chivairy and true maniness. I am an anyone and american gill, daughter of a cicrgoman, and American english the research of the course of t

This letter is followed by a short one, in hich the girl confesses to a passion for exchaingy and discusses the relation of the and to the body, stating that she can make herself really ill by allowing her mind to become saturated with certain thought, and that when suffering actual pain she can become well and jolly by spiritual and mental suggestion. This note is followed with a lotter which reveals her character womanly and pure, as the first indi-

stes. Here it is: Dear Dr. A.: I feel impelled to write to you again, although scarcely three hours have clapsed since I wrote my other letter.

man; at least, if there is, it does not appear on the surface. But there is nothing par-ticularly aspiring, either, It has no him of a thought beyond trivial diversion with some woman he is too careless or too shallow to sound for mental qualities. I give this letter as it is about the only one that is serious. And its scriousness is very

that is serious. And its seriousness is very trivial.

Shaffling over the letters, I come to one that is apparently from one of my better educated correspondents. It is written on mik paper, thick and heavy, and slightly rough. The address is printed in good characters, and the body of the letter is written in a round, upright hand. It reads.

My Dead Mandam. Of course you are going to make loss of answers to your personal.

to mave loss of answers to your personal oceans of them. I week and I have puzzled my brain until I can scarcely think at all lifting to confure up something custinative something original and stifting, to write to you, so that my effort would not be consigned to that sleepy oblition of which we read so much, and all without avail. Senously I sat for a couple of hours this morning "watching the smoke as it rafterward earled," and my cigar went out times without number, but the ideas positively refused to flow. I might wave a little formantic tale of how I passed lost night in unromantically remember that The sleepies speculation as to your own charming personality, but you would probably was not issued until this morning, and night cause surprise, if not actual suspiction, upon your part. So I have finally decided to sit down and write you frankly time I am barren of ideas and ask you to overhook this feeble aftempt on the strength of what I promise to do hereafter. First nerve is an introduction ifertitious: Thory two years of age, five feel eleven, rather sleeping to my short time of residence, brown hair and mestache, gray years regular features, but exactly handsome, but I don't imagine I am unity. Conceiled, isn't if? I have a good government position, live well and dress well, but owing to my short time of residence here I am ain ost totally unaxipations in a patients of the parently cast in the same of 10 in a parently cast in the same of 10 in a parently cast in the same not, I see reversion why we should not be congenial correspondents. I am a fraid I am 10 testes and habits, and as you were apparently cast in the same not, I see reversion why we should not be congenial correspondents. I am affaid I am 10 testes and parently lost in the same so the first on the same so do fire, and decline to believe than the farker on the same so do fire, and decline to believe that the farker one exists except in imagination. Now, If you think that "you had to be a sea of the same so decline and the same side of the

sex which I do not care to bring up here

—— of this date has done for me what no other similar notice has ever accomplished, it has attracted me, and I always follow where the magnet leads. It attracts me, because I believe you to be one of those charming creatures of femininity, a widow—an unencombered widow. Why such a young man as I should have a liking for widows, is really more than I can say, but this affinity does exist, and we will let it go at that. Then, again, the notice is at tractives to me bocause of the absence of the word matrimony as one of the objects. I am not built on the matrimonial plan, which, perhaps, is the reason, or one of the reasons, why I have such an extraordinary fondness for the personality of widows. A young, immarried woman wants not only all of a man's time and attention, but also fits life, whereas a widow having had the life of one man, is generally satisfied with other men's regard, friendship, and, sometimes, if he be worthy of it, love. You say that you desire to correspond with a gentielman of refinement and eduration. Whether I possess these passports to your gracious favor, I shall be my which will mayove you in return for the improvement when he will not a gentielman of those that I certainly should have a few in my repertable. Let us try, and see, whether I shall be rate to divert you, I also do not know, but there are so many ways of attracting diversion that I certainly should have a few in my repertable. Let us try, and see, whether I shall be possessed of any of those three is something else. Hence, I again say, but we want to my self-rends in the my repertable. After himself even shalls with the first of the improvement when you will give he is something else. Hence, I again say, but we want to my self-rends in the possessed of any of those few sheets of paper and a few postage & arings with do they matter? In return—even II we do not self-rends.

tew innutes of times a few sheets of paper and a few postage Stamps, what do they matter? In return—even if we do not secure more we may satisfy the curiosity that is sure to make us cager to know who the other is. I trust that you will do me the honor to reply to this, even if you do not desire a continuance of the correspondence. I promise to respect your wishes.

wishes.

P. S. Like your own sweet sex, it seems
that I cannot write a lefter without adding
a postscript. If you care to arrange a meeting, mass known your wishes as to time
and place, and I will be pleased to arrange my engagements to sait your convenience This letter really shows the most in-elligence and wit of all of my respond-uts, though a minister declared themselves to be college men. The above letter is

expurgated, also. There is nothing in the

one of any of them to compare with the ione of the woman writers.

As I could not call upon my correspondents, nor have them to see me, I determined to get a few of them on parade. I wanted to see if they appear amountai, and what abnormality looks like. Accordingly. I replied to five of the gentlemen of college-fixed minds, forming my letters as true h as possible upon the style of their own, and yet writing briefly. Every letter closed with a request that the gentleman should walk past a certain place at a

certain hour with a red carnation in his cost. I teld them I should appear in black, with a large hat and violets. I do not say that it was not unkind to parade these gentlemen down a public avenue at a given time with similar for es. But I fird that gentlemen are ity unkind erough to heak wemanrequestry unknown or our his lock we many and. Then, I must plead a matter of usiness that takes to purch time to noise separate rendezvous for each gentleman, and, further, I must plean disinclination to be bored as the reason for not treating uch case with separate and cheerful one on. Going home at about the time ad, I lottered slowly on the way abstracted, busy countenance, and sureshy I did not wear black nor

However, as I strolled along I saw wo at three weather who were vo ar three women who were dressed err much as I had said I should be. I



but I want to ask you questions. I have been reading the Beview over earefully, and the suggestions of the book's contents have fired the with enthusiasm. The spirit of God seems to be working in various ways. It is wonderful to hotice the great awakening going on in the world to the idea that the human race must be elevated. What you name as the remedy, that idea I can grasp with all my heart and soul for I believe ignorance is the greatest evil the race has to contend against. It is the chase of all the other evils. In fact, I may say I believe ignorance is the very deal—or all the devi there is. And when we can mit the earth of ignorance in any form, then well the maleralum be here. I televe that the second coming of Christ has afreaty begin. The coming in the churds of in the hearts of mon, is it not begon now. I suppose in the material point of view it is only evolution, but the whole world seems to be waking up to the thought of brotherhood and seve and the battle against ignorance or evil. I asked you teday what particular kind of education you refer to. Bon I von think the education of the soul of the greatest importance. Are not spiritual growth and knowledge necessary to the best control of the body. I am not a schular, I only see dimity a few beautiful truits which seem to be leading me on to greater knowledge. But I know by experience that I have power over my body in proportion to my gain in spiritual knowledge, and is there any limit to the soul? It makes me thrill when I think of the power of God manifested in man.—Is the greatest power in the aniverse. I am not herrary and can't laif express what I feel. I have read very hitle, but have thought much. But I am sure you understand what I am trying so feelby to say. And if I am wrong, put me on the right track. This is a funny letter for a T. E. girl to write: but never mind. It is a lixury to be able to be frank and vert one's self in a letter. You see how eager I am.

In the last line or two this young woman reveals her reasen for writing it

In the last line or two this young woman reveals her reason for writing; it is the luxury of being able to express her-self. Doubtless she was surrounded in her home with people who did not respond to her ideas, which, it must be confessed, are neither new nor unusual, but certainly are not bad. The "In My Den" headline sounds a trifle silly, and is the exponent of the strain in her character which would lead her to answer a personal. I will give one of the best of my letters

one of the best of my letters.

Mrs. 8. A. W.: Dear Madam—Tread with much interest your card in yesterday's "——" and take the liberty of addressing you, with a view, like your own, to an acquaintance for pleasure and mutual improvement, which latter, by the way, is, I think, the most desirable object in an acquaintance. But I fear that, after a description of myself you will not care to correspond, especially if you are much older than myself. I am twenty-seven years of age, a graduate of a college of liberal arts, and of the pest-graduate class of a law school, but owing to the times am just now in one of the government departments in this city. I am neither handsome nor rich, but think I have good sense, and would make a true friend. I am not a member of any church, but am a Christian. My disposition is serious, but I like amusments, such as dancing, theaters, etc. Perhaps this in enough description for an introductory hote. If you care to meet me, please send me your address and name a date. Very respectfully.

There is nothing bad about this young

There is noticing bad about this young

Still those letters all dismay the same thingrestless psychological questionings. None of them fall back on the level of "want to have a good line," they want to have a good discussion. I will give one more of the scientist's correspondents, and this time will give one in the lightest vein. But con will still find Miss Psyche fluttering around to learn something of life. Hereit

I am dying of curiosity to know who you are and what your object is in inserting such a personal. In the first place, if you are of the injenest social and financial standing, why don't you write to some bright girl in your own set.' (There are lots of them, pretty, ciever, well-bred, etc.) As a generalithing, a girl of that kind won't answer a personal. If you are bored with society, why don't you tray! and so meet some fair damsel who would appreciate you? Won't you tell me, "what you are you? Won't you tell me, "what you are not any in the your won't you have, and so independent of the world. I am something of a Bohemian in my way. I hate boarding houses, and avoid them as one does the plague. I live in rooms, and take my meals where and when't places, thanke any own coffee, and very delicious it is, too.) I am rooliere bred, and have written setches for different papers. Some day I'll write a book. I have material for three books now, but must cut it down. My favorite amasement is the study of minimal. The result of my studies in this direction I shall put in my book (a noves), of course). You may think me very "emincipirt," but perhaps you are funny yourself. You may write to me, to gratify my curiosity; but I won't promise to answer.

This is followed by another letter from the same woman, in reply to the scientist's anyparent. I am dving of curiosity to know who you

supwer. That she is shrewd and clever is apparent:

Dear Mr. A.: Your letter with newspaper cutting really interests me. I wonder whether you know more of boarding houses than I do. You certainly cannot abhor them more religiously. Buf I must confess that I do not yet clearly understand your "personal" scheme. Pardon me if I seem unduly curlous. I have told you that my great hobby is the study of mankind, and I will also add that anything out of the ordinary interests me exceedingly. That is why I have taken such an interest in your notice. It struck me at the time that there was something "behind"—something which might be added to my collection of mental curlos. After reading your cutting again it occurs to me that you are only experimenting with the fensele mind. In your scientific zeal you are, perhaps, using an advertisement to draw out a number of women, etc., as a study, even as I am seeking your motives as a possible study from life. Or are you sneers, after all? Can you afford to be honest."

P. S.—Do you want me to believe that

nonest?
P. S.—Do you want me to believe that a number of girls of the "highest sircial and financial standing" have really treated your matrimonial venture seriously? I would give much to see one such latter.

These two letters are breezy, charming and flavored with light perfune of wit. They show the woman to have qualities which would make her an agreeable viscvis at supper. Any woman of worldly de-velopment would like to know her and partake of her coffee and her reparter. I tumble over my letters in vain for something equally light, charming and free from the taint of evil. Here is the best I can show

My Dear Unknown-Your personal in the

Simplifiered when I saw them, and thought of the scandalous result my prank night have. And there I saw a man standing on the steps of a hotel pulling on a new of the sc pair of gloves, and sporting a very recand large carnetton. I dropped my eyes in clarm the moment I saw him, but later. rting a very red standing within a drug store window. I standing within a drug store window. I watchen him. He was the earliest and the latest of the red carnation procession. He was a thorough abnormal.

Do you was to know what abnormality lookshite? It is assimily june and simple. It is disgusling fresoness. Every man who

came along with a feel carnation and a searching look I observed. Every one of them was degenerate in appearance. Not one of them was such a man as I would care to be seen talking with, and I selected the best of the letters to reply to. I tried to be witty in my replies to araw these men out for inspection, but if you these men out for inspection; but if yo could have seen the men who were draw count have seen the toen who were drawn out, you would think I was the one who had been hoaxed. Big ears, straggling hair, weak chias, enormous noses, soping shoul-ders, everything that is revolung in man. These are the kind of people who answer personals. No Wonder they could never meet a woman in any other way, unless

around a bearding louse table.

If anything is proven by this comparison it is this that women who am wer personals are indiscreet; that men who answer them are immoral. Perhaps, also, I have shown that abnormal man is worse than abnorm a

A La Petter.

The "Potter" coiffure, parted on the left side and arranged in soft waves on each side of the head, is a fashionable fad of the moment with stylish young women. If the hair is not naturally wavy it is put up on extra large plus at night, the hair moistened before it is twined in and put | head and bent upon the woman blacksmith on the pins. A clasp that comes with a searching equine look of inquiry. His the box of pins holds the waved tresses verdict apparently was that he was satfirmly in position.

Something Else. "I want one of those magdoleens," said Farmer Cornhill to the dealer in musical instruments: "the kind you play on with

piece of turtle shell." "Yes, sir, for yourself," asked the cierk.
"No, fer my wife. I want to get her mething sides me to pick on."—Cincin nati Tribune.

The Perversence of Things "How are those cork shoes you got?" "Great! Why, when the water gets in the cork keeps it from getting out '-

The Wheel's Work. A tender, fragile flower, With a tendenty to droop Becomes a bursting, boyom Llossom, With a tendency to stoop | |- Detroit Journal

These Nuns Blacksmiths

A SOUTH AFRICAN NOV-ELTY

A blacksmith shop has just been es tablished by the sisters of St. Dominic, near King William's Town, Cape Colony, South Africa. The exigencies of ex-istence in a new land which confronted the sisters of St. Dominic in South Africa they boldly met, instead of yielding to. Men were scarce and indifferent to mechanics wages in a quiet settlement when

which inspection showed had come from a factory in Springfield, Ohio, in the United States of America.

HIS DAY'S DOINGS.

How Mr. McBride Brightened His

Waning Honeymoon, "Well, dear," said Mrs. McBride, her husband's return from his office the first day after his coming home from his wedding tour, "what did you do today?" In reply he told the dearest little wifey in the world all the matters which had occupied his attention since she kissed him good-bye after breakfast, and watched him

turn the corner on his way downtown.

It was so nice for some one to be interested in his doings, and he delighted to talk of himself and his business life to such a listener. For several nights the same question was followed by an ac-



the glitter of the golden Transvaal and the alluring diamonds of the Kimberly beckened to them from beyond. The name therefore took up the sledge hammer, hang their weight upon the bellows, and merrity flew the sparks from the cheery red metal, which was to shoe the settlers waiting steed.

6

The Sisters of St. Dominic, with full faith in their mission to soften existence and sow religious seed in the South African regions, turned their backs on the time honored customs and hum-dram convent life of Europe and established this, their new settlement, near King William's Town, Cape Colony. Their first move was to purchase the most extensive farm in the market. Quickly the none dis-covered that farm laborers were so scarce that it was impossible to get a sufficient number or to retain and rely on the few they could secure. Land without labor proved unprofitable, and the vows of their order compelled their self-maintenance And so the nuns quietly put their hand to the plow. But accidents will happen

nd in time the plowshare was broken. There were no blacksmiths, so the num sent to Cape Town and had shipped to them the materials to build and the tools are implements to conduct a smithy. A black ath as a tutor was secured. This was six months ago, and now the mas have jus begun to do their own blacksmithing. They have thus proved not only their equality with man, but their superbrity to him, because when the blacksmith, disregarding his religious environment and the respect due to the noble women, went on a prolonged drunk, he was incontinently "fired" out of the settlement.

The Dominican farm is one of the most ttractive sights of the Cape Colony. Its nanagement, for system and intelligence is unsurpassed. In a comparativity ne country such attention to details as the esters give to their agricultural operations seems to their slow-going Boer neighb us a work of supererogation, to the English it appears too finicky, and to the native Kaffir and Hottentot beipers it seems akin to the miracidous and fills them with awe and reverence.

The feminine blacksmiths of the Dominican convent farm are the stars. The per-ionality and expertness of the hammerwinging but ever seems 10 continue to rest of the sisterhood, for they go out of their way while at out their daily tasks on the farm, to look in, even if hat for a proment, at their hard-working sisters A recent visitor to the Sisters of St. Lominic, entered the occasion of his visit as a red-letter day in his diary. The abbess proved to be a Woman endowed with uncommonly good sense. She was practical and her personal spirituality was so nided and tempered with a knowledge of human nature and an ability to perceive the umorous side of things that she capti

vated the visitor.

The visitor did not intimate that a iew of these stordy nons was the es pecial object of his trin, but simply exressed a wish to see them at their The smithy was a long, rather narrow building, with a strong frame, the side clan-boarded, and it was topped with red cupola with slatted sides, through which smoke lazily drifted into the clear dry outer air. Within a Well-built brick forge, a strong, capacious bellows o oxide, and all the customary parapher nalia incidental to the vocation of vo-

taries of Vulcan. The revelation as to the enlargement of oman's sphere, to the extent of including blacksmithing, was in one instance, at least, startling. Tethered to a strong oaken rack in the center of the shop was a draught horse, whose big bones and shargy fetlocks proclaimed a Flemish strain n his blood. Nail box beside her a nun was bent over, with the horse's "nigh" hind foot over her knee, and with a red bot horseshoe held with a pair of tongs was fitting the shoe to the scoreling boof The abbess smiled faintly at the un

oncealed startling effect created on the visitor, and the nun just then dropping the huge Loof closed up the glowing sho a little more around the horn of the anvil. Presently with a few strokes from eloful sister the stoe was completed. With a preliminary reassuring word and

a pat upon the horse's side the nun, who was a large woman, and undoubtedly the physical superior of ordinary men not developed by blacksmithing, again picked herse's foot. The horse turned his isfled she knew her business, because he balanced his fourteen hundred weight admirably on his tripod of three legs, while his feminine shoemaker proceeded with her task.

Once or twice the nun drove a whose direction did not satisfy her. These she withdrew, but at last the shoe was firmly nailed on, the nails clinched, hoof, protruding nails, and the sharp corners of the shoe all neatly rasped down, and the big horse was shod, as well, so far as all appearances went, as the average man eksmith would be likely to do

Of the half dozen nuns generally at work in the blacksmith shop, one, Sister Marta becoming particularly adept at ironing reperiring farm machinery and implements and turning out a considerable variety of wrought from hardware. While Sister Joanna was, with her helper, busily engaged in shoeing the horses, Sister Marting a helping hand, was forging a new connecting rod for a mower and reaper.

ures and successes of the day. But at length there came a day when he did not answer in words, but, in repty to the question, "What did you do today, dear?" Mr. McBride handed his wife a sheet of note paper, on which the following was neatly typewritten:

Rose at 7 o'clock. "Sat down to breakfast at 7.30. Coffee muddy, toast fair, eggs boiled too hard. Mrs. McBride did not come down to breakfast. Went back to her room and kessed her goodby just as she was "Left the house at 7:50.

Waited seven minutes on the corner or a car.

Reached office at 8:20.

'Mail heavy, but mostly fulls. One bill for new cape for Wife, \$35, another, for new bonnet for date, \$27, several maller talls for wife's clothes, lingerie, ploves, etc., aggregating \$43.

"At 9:30 typewriter come in took off her wraps. She was one bourlate. Must speak to her about it. "At 10 a man called in reference to ex-

amining title for a piece of property. Think I can work up a bill of \$100 in this "At 11 two people came in one of whom retained me to defend him against a charge of malicinus libel. The other tor who owns a ferecious dog. Accepted

tainers from both.
"Attended to correspondence as soon

as these clients had departed.

"Jones dropped in at 12, and went to lunch together. He took sweethreads, jotster salad, and mince pie, with a small. thing to drink.

"Returned to the office at 1.15; gave di-rections to typewriter, and then left for the courthouse, where I eloquently de-fended a young man who was accused of smashing windows. Proved an albi-for the prisoner, and secured his release. Fees in the case, \$25.

"At 3 o'clock filed information in the ferocious-dog case.

"Returned to office at 4, and drew up defense in the malitious-libel affair. This occupied until 4:45, when I dictated answers to the letters which had arrived during the day. Typewriter to fini the letters, and mail them as she goes

"At 5 15 dictated this schedule to type writer, and then started for home, leny

ing her to finish the correspon "Expect to reach home at 5.50 and to be asked for an account of my doings at 5:55, when this schedule will be sub nditted."

Mrs. McBride read this document care fully from beginning to end, and then said:

"You neglected to say who paid for the o lunches, you or Mr. Jones "-Harper"

THACKERAY DIDN'T WRITE IT, History of a Chapter in "The Virginians,"

Many renders of "The Virginians" have condred how Thackeray was able to write so graphic and correct an account of his hero's escape from Fort Impreshe and his journey through the wilderness, as Thackeray had never seen the mag nificent valley through which his gallant hero fled after his daring escape, says the New York Recorder. As a matter of fact, Thackeray did not write it at all He was at a dinner in London with An

celebrities. The guests were settling down to their wine and cigars, when Thackeray, who was entertaining the company with his wit and satire, suddenly stopped, and,

thony Trollope, Wilkie Collins and other

looking at his watch, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I must leave you! I have to go, but I must. The printer is inexorable; so, wishing you all another meet ing when I can be longer with you, I hid you a good evening."

There was present a minor author mined Kennedy, and Thackeray had almost reached the door, when he called him back | fastest I ever rode. After about four or

"Perhaps I can write the chapter for The great novelist seemed a little astonished at this bold proposition, but he I was only too glad to do so, and a few was too polite to say what he thought. "Kennedy, you are extremely kind, and gladly would I let you write the chapter "I

for me, for I hate to leave a jolly party in at night, and after a number of truls I the midst of fun."

"Then don't," all the company cried. "Stay with us, and let Mr. Kennedy write 'I have half a mind to let you do it just

for the fun of the thing. It is a chapter chiefly of description, giving an account of my bero's escape from Fort Duquesne "If that's what you are writing about I can do it, for I know every foot of the "All right, then," said Thackeray,

suming his sent at the board. "Let me have it early tomorrow morning." Mr. Kennedy withdrew, and, going to

his home, wrote the fourth chapter of the second volume of "The Virginians," and thus it happened that the narrative of the with another brown-gowned sister, lend hero's flight was so accurate as to the to-

Awheel at Night

AN INDIAN CYCLIST'S STRANGE AND FASCINATING 10,000-

MILE DIVERSION

Ten thousand and sixty miles, ridden in the darkness of night, is the remarkable record which Hoss Marly, of Summitville, Ind., has just made. During the course of his nocturnal runs his experiences were many and often exetting. Hardly a glimpse of daylight did this strange cyclist catch. He made sixty-five centuries at night, which is in itself an astonishing performance, but it becomes all the more so when the fact is taken into consideration that

fourteen of the 6,500 mile runs were dou-ble centuries. Mr. Manly has captured the century and mileage medals offered by the In-diana officers of the Century Rading Club. While the other several hundred contestants for these honors were sleeping and dreaming of them this "owi nder" was pedaling away and industriously piling

up the miles and centuries to his credit.

What makes his achievement all the more nteresting is the fact that he was employed in business during ten hours of the day and therefore had no chance to ride by day. As for steeping, that was quite a secondary matter. What few winks he did catch were after or before his nightly runs. And here is a strange fact. He slept at times on his wheel, he says. Not as one ordinarily sleeps with closed eyes and in a state of complete unonscloueness, but more in a went-conscious condition, when the eyes were open, yet saw practically nothing, and the feet mechanically pushing the pechis around. His own story is as follows: "It certainly was novel in many respects,

and it has been my experience that dark-ness is no bur to speed. On a road with which one is any way familiar and with ever so little moonlight, I can ride as fast as I can during the day, and on several occasions I have during my experience as a night rider made a century in seven hours, which would as a rule be considered excellent work by day.

"One very peculiar thing in connection with night riding is that one experiences certain optical illusions which sometimes have unaque results. The most common of these illusions is the impression that one is constantly rating down hill. I have experienced it so often that I know it well, and yet I often found myself applying the brake to not machine when speeding along a road I knew, if I had thought about the matter, to be perfectly level.

"At other times when on an unfamiliar road I have been thinking of something, and on coming to a steep incline the ma-some would get away from me and get of way down the bill before I could get control of it. This would be due to the fact that although I saw the incime I gave it no second thought but set it down as the customary illusion until I found myself gang down an actual fell too first for safety or comfort. At other times I would find myself peculing along sechapically, being practically asleep on my wheel, and yet having my eyes open d keeping my balance on the wheel,

"For some reason which I could never aderstant, the night seems to exercise particularly bilarious effect upon the a particularly markets errors upon the farmers who have occasion to drive about the country after nightfult. Whenever one of these tuchoile individuals impened to see me ahead of them in the readway, they would at once whip up the horse and

try to run me down. "On another occasion I had a chose which was more exciting while it insted and for a time I did not know just how it was going to end. It was a fairly light tottle I took Bue Peints on the half night, and I was riding exptentedly along shell, chicken said, ice cream and come and congratulating myself upon being on such a good road when I heard a great outery behind me. I looked back, but could see nothing in the darkness, but the noise was getting nearer, and I concluded to get out of the shadow of the grove through which I was riding so that I could see what was going on

'It was well I did so, for hardly had I



begun to get well underway, when a hig. lack object, that looked twice its natural size, loomed up close behind me, running along on the grass at the promised the printer a chapter of 'The virginians' tomorrow morning, and I lowed I knew that I was labely for haven't written a line of it and I lowed I knew that I was labely for the same time I made in out, and room the same time I made in out, and room the promised the printer a chapter of 'The same time I made in out, and room to be a considered to the same time I made in out, and the same

"I was pediling then not for medals, but for life. I could hear the clutter of hoofs in the roadway behind me, and beyond that came the sound of galloping horses. I think that the mile and a half I wheeled over with that animal behind me was the ive minutes, which seemed so many hours of break-neck racing, I brand one of the horsemen behind me. He shouted to me to seconds later the steer and horseman passed

"Horses invariably shy at the cycle lights light and trust to quick eyes and good

sense of hearing. "Dogs were another fruitful source of innovance to me during my night runs. They seemed to naturally infer that I had evil intentions upon the property of their wners, and on more than one occasion I had to stop, dismount and give battle to Some ugly canine, taking as a weapon the first clob, fence rail or anything which I

could lay my hands on. "The particularly pleasant features of night rhling are the perfect rest and quiet of the country and when the muon is bright the light throws a weird aspect about the most ordinary object. The lo stretches of country road reach out far ahead into the gloom of the night, while the cool breezes which always rise after the set of sun makes riding delightful.